

Strange Compulsion

by Spook777

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Temporal, an unusual-sounding eight letter word in the Terrans' language. The worried-looking zealot was once told that it meant finite, of this reality, or quite simply, short. Short would be an appropriate one-word summation of this zealot's life expectancy if he did not take action soon.

Looking on the view-screen of the Protoss forge that was acting as his hiding place, he could discern several shapes moving among the charred wreckage that was once a thriving Protoss settlement. He silently cursed the Zerg, wishing for a means of avenging his fallen comrades—and quite possibly, escaping in the process. But it was all to no avail; there was no feasible avenue of escape. Resigning himself to his impending doom, the zealot stood up and walked towards the doors of the forge. After entering in the appropriate command on the portal's access panel, a low-pitched hiss that signified hydraulics in action was followed shortly by the doors soundlessly sliding apart. Shielding his eyes from the blazing sun, and cosigning his soul to the maker, the zealot prepared to face his enemies—Only to have a grinning demon attack him from behind.

Quickly getting back on his feet, the zealot burned with the primal rage that was his kin's trademark. Extending a bright-blue energy blade from each of his forearms, the zealot whirled around and charged his opponent.

Having very limited intelligence, (due to the fact that its brain was roughly half the size of a cashew) the hydralisk had been completely unprepared for the zealot's sudden and extremely violent counter-strike.

The Protoss warrior tackled the hulking beast, digging his twin psionic blades into the monster's torso, shattering its hell-fire hardened carapace, spilling its green entrails onto the clean, white sands beneath his feet. His triumph was short lived however, as an unexpected blow from a previously burrowed hydralisk sent him rolling along the ground.

A series of crackling noises emanating from his bright yellow armor served as the ominous alert which signified that his shield was compromised. But before the hydralisk had a chance to hack and maim the intrepid zealot, its large, banana-shaped head rolled off its shoulders.

The zealot slowly stood up, and warily eyed the surrounding area.

"Greetings Oro." Went a soft, melodious voice.

"Is that me?" Answered the unnerved Zealot, changing his posture to a fighting stance.

"Calm yourself brave one, there is no need to jest among kinsmen." The soothing voice continued. Punctuating the end of its sentence to reveal a shadowy, hooded shape.

Upon seeing the semi-familiar form of the dark templar, the zealot sheathed his psionic blades and let his shoulders sag.

"It does my heart much good to see you dark one. Pray tell, how did one such as yourself chance upon the desolation that is this place." Oro stated, starting to feel more or less at ease with the shadowy figure's presence.

"Why do you ask?" Said the dark figure, moving a little closer to the zealot.

"It would grieve me deeply to see this place claim your life as well as mine." The low, soft laughter that emanated from the dark shape startled the zealot, putting him on edge again.

"Be at peace brave one, for you are a lone light in a sea of shadows." Said the dark shape, taking the zealot's hand and motioning for him to look about the surrounding area. The zealot looked up, and stepped back as his gaze was met by the curious stares of at least three dozen dark templar. Noticing her friend was speechless, the dark shape decided to break the uncomfortable silence.

"They call me Rana."

"Hmm?â€|Oh yesâ€|I thank you for saving my life." His discomfort was magnified ten-fold when he realized that his new acquaintance was female.

"There is no need for embarrassment brave one, allow me to show you the way to our ship." Said an apparently non-plussed Rana, as she turned and began to make her way to where her ship had landed.

"Forgive me for my impudence, butâ€|tell me, how did you come to know my name?" Oro meekly asked.

"What other name would they have engraved on your armor?" Sweetly replied the dark templar. In order to avoid any more embarrassments on his part, the zealot opted to remain silent as they made their way towards the ship.

End
file.